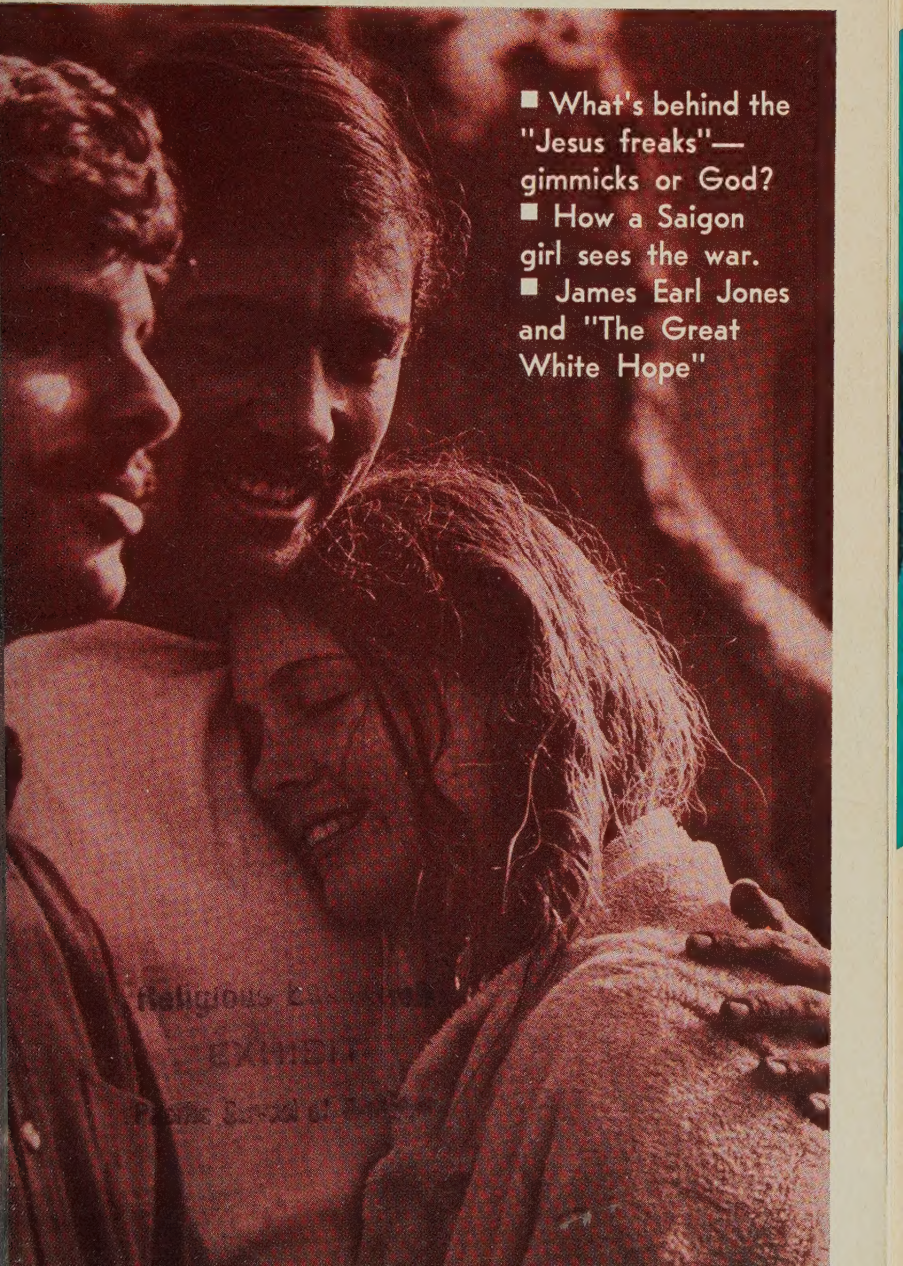


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- What's behind the "Jesus freaks"—gimmicks or God?
  - How a Saigon girl sees the war.
  - James Earl Jones and "The Great White Hope"

Religious Experience

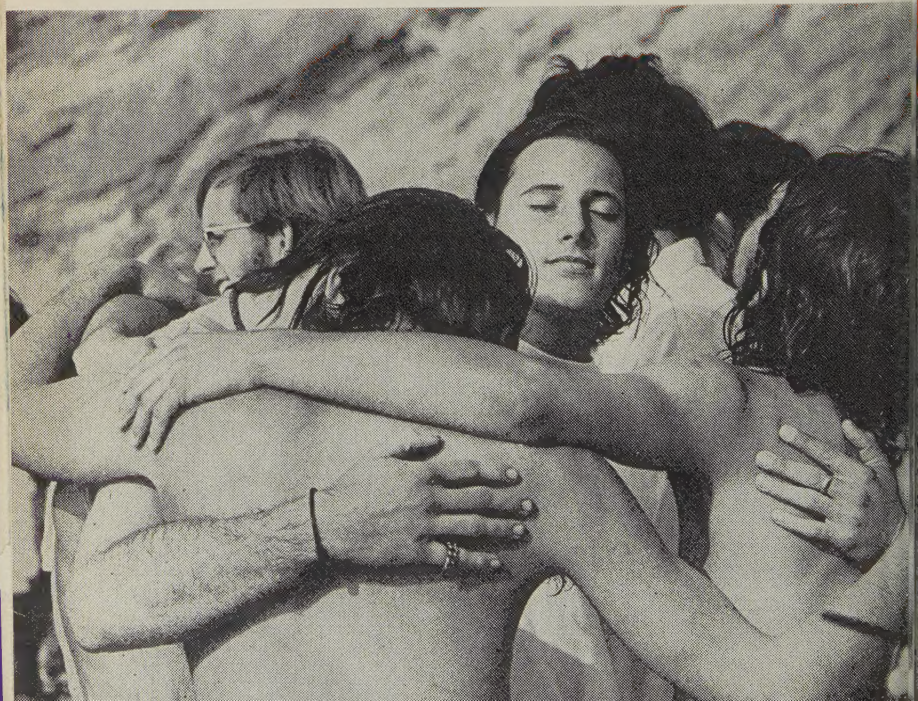
EXHIBIT

James Earl Jones





## THE JESUS PEOPLE—MAKING







*According to the Kansas City Fad Theory, we're in for a heavy new dose of some of that old-time religion. No way to stop it!*

## VES ON THE WEST COAST

By Brian Vachon

he Kansas City Theory holds everything passingly fashionable in this country emanates from the West Coast. The fad makes a continental leap, seeps slowly from both sides toward the center. By the time it reaches Kansas City, says the theory, it's dead. But when it's still young in California, look out. And right now there is a limited but nonetheless significant Christ-blossoming among young people around Los Angeles County—a place where the young have been traditionally turned-off to the Ultimate. So—say the K.C. theorists—look out New York! Jesus is coming! And young California Christians

couldn't agree more. Of course Jesus is coming to New York. And to every other place on earth. And you're lucky to be alive today if you accept Him as your personal Lord and Savior, because the prophecies of the Bible have been fulfilled. The time of His coming is again at hand.

I had heard of the "Jesus freaks" as far back as two years ago. At the time I lived in Southern California, next to a commune whose members drove around in a VW bus painted everywhere with the message of the Lord. More recently, I knew, a group of kids had been stopping pedestrians on Sunset Strip, asking, "Have you been saved?" To those foolish



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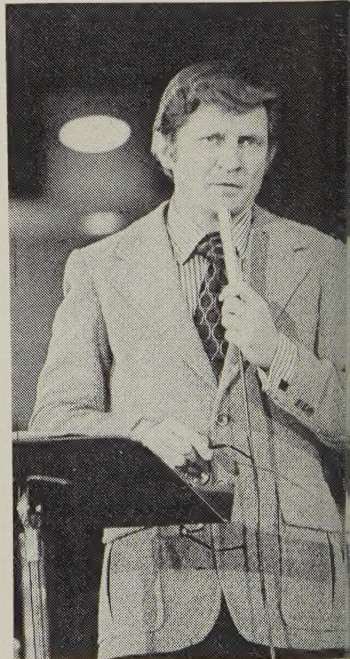
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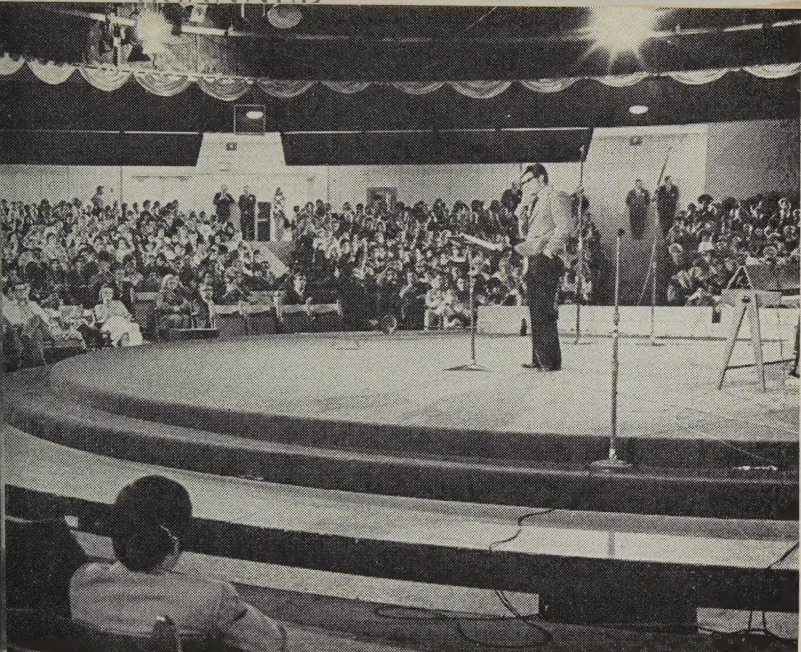
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## MELODYLAND — SLICK, SHINY SUPER CHURCH

ough to indicate they hadn't  
 , they were giving some pretty  
 y testimony. But in Southern  
 rnia there are few surprises.  
 ntely, though, the Jesus  
 er stickers were starting to  
 ar on some pretty straight  
 Stuff like "Have a nice for-  
 " and "Love your enemy—it  
 drive him crazy." And when  
 in shoulder-length hair and  
 bottoms, looking so clean they  
 are toting Bibles in Southern  
 rnia—that's something worth  
 ing out. It's like "Oh, oh,  
 it goes again. California is  
 to do another number on  
 world."  
 t that was a feeling that crept

up slowly. The initial impact of  
 the Golden West was just as I  
 expected it would be. Hello San  
 Diego Freeway. Hello Anaheim,  
 home of Disneyland and the Rose  
 Bowl. How little I've missed you!

I went first to a place called  
 Melodyland, which was formerly  
 the big spot for New York shows  
 on the road. Now the cocktail  
 lounge is a prayer room and re-  
 hearsal hall. The dressing rooms  
 are used for Bible classes. And  
 the theater—domed and spacious  
 —is a slick, shiny super-church.

The pastor of this super-church  
 is the Rev. Ralph Wilkerson, who  
 started out by preaching under a  
 tree across the street, right in

## OLD HYMNS SWING INTO AN UP-TEMPO BEA

front of Disneyland. But he worked hard and saved all his money and watched his congregation grow. A few years ago, for a few million dollars, he bought Melodyland. "You want to look in on a service?" he asked. I did.

It was a Thursday night and the 3000-seat auditorium was sparsely occupied. Still, there were several hundred people there, and they were obviously there to hear Ralph Wilkerson.

"Do you remember the first time you ever said 'Praise the Lord'?" he asked. "Do you remember that it sounded a little strange, a little as if people would make fun of you? Now it just comes right out, doesn't it?"

"Amen."

After a hymn, Wilkerson directed the audience to come up and give witness. One person reported of a high school where 200 youngsters had accepted Jesus. ("Don't tell which one," Wilkerson warned. "The devil will try to stop it.")

Then a young man came to the front and told how he had received the Lord and it was like "being hit with a bucket of love." Wilkerson stepped next to the man and said he would pray with him. Then, directing his eyes downward, he asked the Lord to take special care of the man because he was a special person. As he spoke, Wilkerson's voice became more

intense as he slowly raised his hands to just above the man's forehead. Then he touched the man and the man fell back like a felled tree—straight down, flat out. One of Wilkerson's assistants caught the man just as he was about to smack his head on the stage floor. What was this business? I kept wondering. But when the next six or eight people did the same swooning thing, I thought, Oh, so *that's* what this business is. The gimmick. The next thing you know they'll be taking up a collection.

The next thing I knew, they were taking up a collection. The audience put bills into velvet buckets and sang "He Touched Me."

In another part of Melodyland, two teenaged boys and a girl were talking on telephones.

"... well, I think eventually you should talk to your parents about it," one of the boys was saying. "But right now the most important thing is to talk to the Lord. Do you have a Bible with you?"

I tried to picture who was at the other end of that phone. I could see some kid who'd been on about this 24-hour "Hotline" service where you could call up any time and talk to someone your own age about your problems. Drugs, sex, emotional hangups, whatever. And here some kid was asking him if he had a Bible.

Only at that moment the kid came forward—who looked like he'd enjoy





a lot more than scripture—  
saying: “O.K., I’ll send you  
later. But for now, I want  
to pray with you. Are you ready  
to ask the Lord for some help  
to get Him into your heart? . . .  
Let’s pray.”

is particular Hotline center  
about 1200 calls a month.  
problems range from un-  
wanted pregnancies to withdrawal  
from Seconal or something  
like that. The kids who man the  
phones are all volunteers.

Someone told me I had to meet  
Mr. Smith, the Daddy of the  
Youth Movement in the Orange  
County area. I met him at Cal-  
Chapel, his home church in  
Mesa where 1500 kids  
come to hear his services every  
Wednesday night. A few years  
ago ministers couldn’t persuade  
kids to show up.

“What’s the secret?” I asked  
him directly.

“Jesus Christ.”

“Yes, but what would you say  
makes these kids come and sing  
and pray and give up their drugs?”

“Jesus Christ,” he said again.  
“The power and love of the  
Lord.” He smiled at the simpli-  
city of his answer. I decided to  
try again.

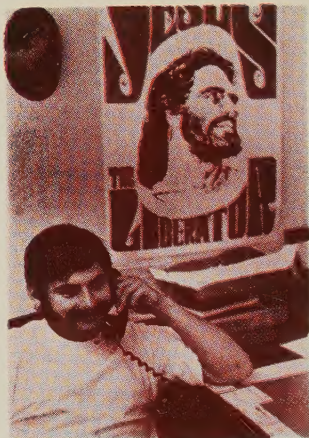
“What is Women’s Lib saying  
about this rise of Christianity?”

“I don’t know. I guess I haven’t  
been listening. But in the Body  
of Christ, there is no male or fe-  
male. All sexes are dominated by  
the person of Jesus Christ.”

“How about the peace move-  
ment?” I persisted. “As a Chris-  
tian leader, don’t you have to take  
a stand on it?”

“As a church, we make no  
stand on it. Naturally we respect

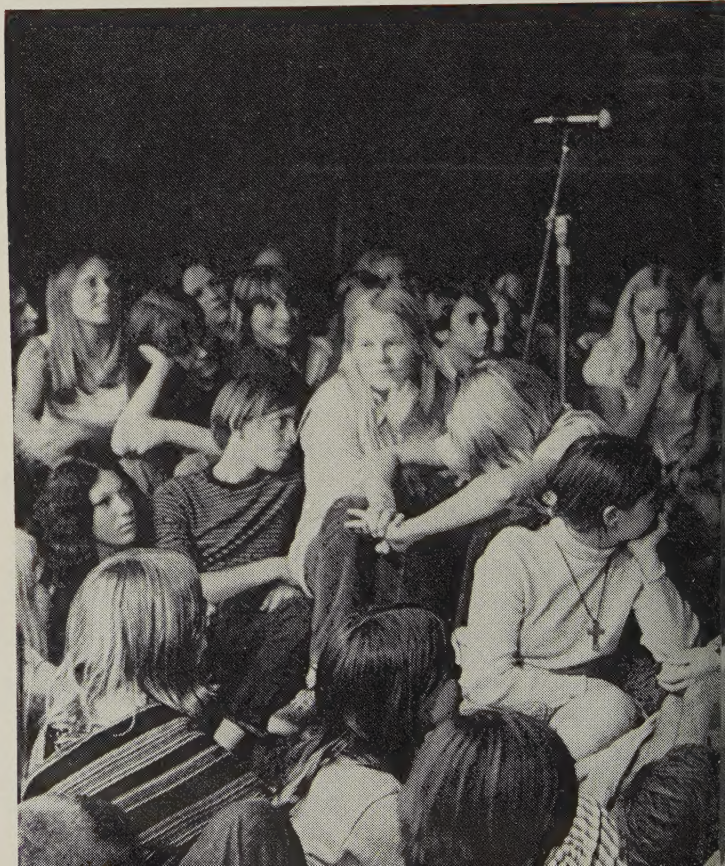




young peoples' desires for peace. But many fellows come out of service and encourage others to join. It's a great place to spread the word of Jesus."

The Wednesday Youth meetings at Calvary Chapel are wild and spontaneous and moving. The pews are packed with every kind of kid—super straight to super

## A "HOLY HOTLINE"





Chuck Smith tells them to "be zapped by Jesus," and that's what they come to do. It is fundamental Christianity at its most elemental. The young people praise each other. They pray singing lustily. They listen intently as Smith delivers sermons on the power of God's love and the Second Coming of Christ.

Twenty-one-year-old youth pastor Lonnie Frisbee delivers, too. In California you can become a legally ordained minister at the age of 18, and that's what he did. Once each month, Frisbee and Smith conduct massive baptisms in a rounded harbor area on Newport Beach. Smith calls the service an outward sign rather than

## ERS FOR TROUBLED TEENS





a sacrament. "A lot of these kids were baptized by their parents when they were infants," he said. "But they want it again. They want to make it *their* decision."

There were several thousand spectators at the baptism I attended. They sang and prayed as each of the several hundred converts was led into the Pacific. The ministers would speak a few words and then place a hand over the convert's nose and mouth, and dunk him backward for a moment of total immersion. "Open your heart and let God's spirit descend upon you," the ministers said reassuringly. "Identify with Jesus in this moment—in his death, burial, and new life."

The baptized looked positively other-worldly as they waded toward the shore. It was as if they had experienced some extraordinary release. Young people and adults were hugging and crying and laughing all at once—shaking also because the temperature was below 60 degrees and it was windy, and they were wet. They were ecstatic.

I was introduced to a beautiful girl named Rene who had come in from the water. Two weeks earlier she had wandered into a Christian drug-help center called Miracle House, stoned and scared.

"But on that day, I asked J

## A PREDICTION: "JESUS WILL RETURN SOON"





come into my heart, and he's  
n with me ever since."

"How long is it going to last?"  
ked.

"It's going to last forever.  
re isn't anything else."

"You look very beautiful."

"You see the Lord in me."

"You also look a little stoned."

"I *am* stoned," she said. "Only

stoned on Jesus. Drugs are a

n. This is the most incredible

n the world. I feel like I'm

ing all the time, with Jesus."

"They say Jesus is coming back

," I said.

"Yes, he will come back very

," she told me. "He will take

people who have accepted

as their personal Savior. We

be Raptured."

"What's Raptured?"

"That's when Jesus comes to

people, and he takes them—

matter what they are doing at

moment. He takes them right

Heaven."

I remembered a car bumper

er I had seen that said: "In

of Rapture, this car will self-

destruct." So *that* was Rapture. . .

Jesus Christ is the great

tering force in the California

Movement, drugs are the

non leveler. The movement

is an instant way for young

le to relate to others. "Who

ou?" "I'm a Christian." "Oh

Praise the Lord." In some

the drug culture provided a

of practice ground for the

Jesus movement. Users were  
probing the depths of their con-  
sciousness with chemicals to reach  
a stage of unreality. And although  
converts would defend the reality  
of their new consciousness, they  
don't argue that it is an induced  
high. Spiritually induced, or psy-  
chologically induced, or naturally  
induced, it's still a high.

The Teen Challenge houses, of-  
fering bed, food, detoxification  
and religious counselling, began  
in the Los Angeles area several  
years ago. Fred Coker, a 27-year-  
old full-time worker in the Orange  
Teen Challenge House, told me  
he had used drugs for 12 years.

"Finding Christ for me wasn't  
a sudden thing. It didn't go  
wham, and hit me right in the  
head in an instant. It was work.  
But now, I'll tell you, I wake up  
and I feel good. During the day,  
I feel good. I lay my head on the  
pillow at night and I feel good.  
I mean wow! That's something."

I asked him if he didn't really  
sometimes miss being able to wipe  
himself out with drugs—maybe  
just for one day.

"Oh sure, the temptation is  
sometimes there," he said, "but I'd  
be lousing up my relationship with  
Christ. When I say I have a per-  
sonal relationship with Jesus, I  
mean it. It's personal. I don't  
want to mess it up."

The Orange Teen Challenge  
Center is a cluster of meeting and  
sleeping rooms over a department



store. The center has a few rules, and one is that no one who comes and asks for help gets turned down. There are prayer meetings every night, but the important gathering is on Monday evenings. Like Calvary Chapel 20 miles away, it's standing-room-only.

As with all the meetings of the Jesus Movement, music is important at the Orange Center. Old Presbyterian hymns are sung along with new, up-tempo "Jesus songs." Former acid rock musicians strum electric praise to God with hand-clapping accompaniment.

I talked to a number of young people who told me emotional stories of their lives; how they were bored, and turned to drugs; how they got hooked and then realized their lives were worth nothing beyond that red or white or rainbow up-or-down tripping pill. Then each person told me how he came to accept Christ.

One girl asked me if I had a Bible with me. I didn't.

"I'm just going to give you one, okay? I'm not asking you to read it or anything, I just want you to take it. OK?"

"OK, thanks."

Shortly after I left I realized I'd forgotten to take the Bible. I didn't want to hurt her feelings, so I went back. She was waiting for me at the door, Bible in hand.

"I guess I forgot my Bible," I said.

"Praise the Lord," she said,



## NO HANG-UPS

grinning that grin so many of them have. As if they are chuckling over a private joke they'd be delighted to share.

The California Jesus movement has its levels of intensity, and it appears to be directly proportional to money. The upper-income kids who came to Melodyland to attend college Jesus Music concerts seemed to be genuinely filled with their religion. But theirs was a quiet, not very aggressive religion. In drug rehabilitation centers in the new religious coffee houses, religion is handed out in tough doses.

I was told I hadn't seen anything until I had seen the Belshazzar's Feast at the Tabernacle in a slum section





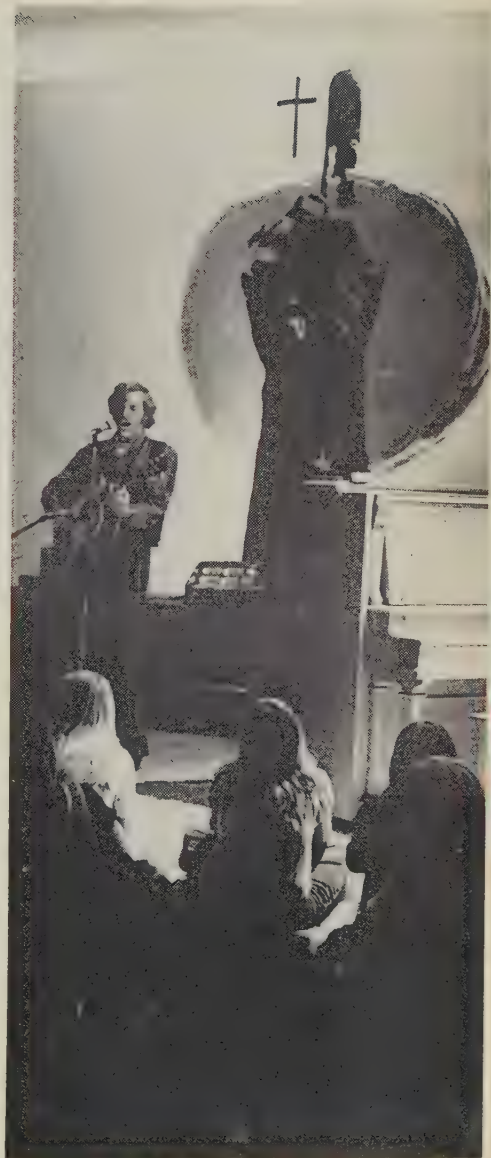
## S — ONLY JESUS

h Rodando, ten miles from Angeles.

he Bethel Tabernacle was a t, white church with a brown eum floor and seats that ed like they had been sal- d from an old movie theater. yle Stennis, the nervous, mid- ged minister, motioned me his office and closed the door. t's been incredible what's ened here, really incredible," id.

What's happened here?"

Vell it happened a little less a year ago. This young man, k Stephans—you'll meet him came to me and said he ght he could get young people the church. I said, 'Fine,



how're you going to do it?" Well he didn't tell me, but that night before services he drove his pick-up truck down to the piers and started picking up young addicts. I guess he literally threw them in the back of the truck. He had about 30 of them filling the front rows that night and the regular congregation was pretty scared.

"The next week some of the kids came back on their own and Breck hauled about 20 more in. Some of the adults in the congregation wanted to run the kids out. I went into the aisle and said I was a man of God, but I'd whip anyone who tried to kick out a single kid.

"That was pretty much it for the adult congregation. They stopped coming. But the kids have been coming in here by the hundreds. Most of them were heroin addicts, and it isn't uncommon to see a kid who had a \$50-a-day habit. But they're clean now—you'll see them."

As Stennis was talking, I heard a sound coming from the church below the office. Then it got louder, and I knew it was people's voices, but they were wailing in unintelligible sounds. Like tobacco auctioneers gone berserk, only every once in a while I could hear the word "Jesus." I looked at Stennis. Should we be worried?

"That? Oh. They're praying in tongues," he said. "God just takes hold of their tongues and

lets them pray. They get c their drugs in 30 seconds. pain, no withdrawal. They quit."

There were about 50 kids do stairs in the church. Their e were half-closed as if they w in a trance, and their tongues w moving, making this garb prayer. Stennis passed the w that services were about to s





they opened their eyes and  
ked quickly around the room.  
e rest of the congregation began  
ng the church, about 200 young  
ple, smiling and shaking hands.  
Breck Stephans, the 19-year-  
minister, came to the podium.  
was square-jawed and rugged,  
person to pick if you're look-  
for someone to throw addicts  
the back of a truck.

tennis took a seat as young  
phans began the service. The  
ic was raucous and loud and  
usiastic. They sang "Old  
e Religion" and stomped  
nd the church shaking hands.  
ot of people shook my hand  
said, "Hello, brother. God  
s you." And I wasn't arguing.  
d bless you, too," I said over  
over.

inally the group settled into  
essing—the same basic struc-  
as Melodyland but a whole  
d apart. One young man  
ght a cardboard box up to  
stage and emptied out an in-  
ible array of bottles, oint-  
ts, bones and artifacts. He  
he had been caught up in a  
craft group in the area.

They told me anything is OK,  
pt things that have to do with  
s," the young man said. "But  
und out that if things aren't  
ered on Him they mean noth-

That's right," the congrega-  
shouted, the way revival con-  
ations shout "Amen."

"I asked the people in the witch-  
craft group if they spoke in  
tongues, and they didn't know  
what I was talking about. And I  
know if you don't speak in tongues  
you don't have the Holy Ghost."

"That's right."

A 16-year-old boy told how his  
parents had used him as a carrier,  
strapping thousands of dollars  
worth of drugs to his body and  
sending him off on trans-continen-  
tal flights. He had been an addict  
since he was 13. "But when I  
asked Jesus into my heart, it  
stopped. I had no physical with-  
drawal. Jesus was all I needed."

Then it was time for Breck  
Stephans to give his sermon. He  
walked up and down the stage as  
he spoke, breathing like a radio  
revivalist. "The Lord said,  
hehhhh, that we have to accept  
him, hehhhh. When we were hip-  
pies, we thought we knew what  
love was. Hehhhh. But we sure  
didn't love police. Hehhhh. We  
didn't know real love."

The sermon was followed by  
more praying in tongues. Addicts  
were brought in and members of  
the congregation surrounded them  
and prayed over them—acting out  
Rev. Stennis' "30-second-cure." It  
seemed to work, and the praying  
went on into the early hours of the  
morning.

The following day, most of the  
congregation would go to their jobs  
and after work, they would be out  
on the street, witnessing for Jesus.



## THE MOST INCREDIBLE HIGH IN THE WORLD

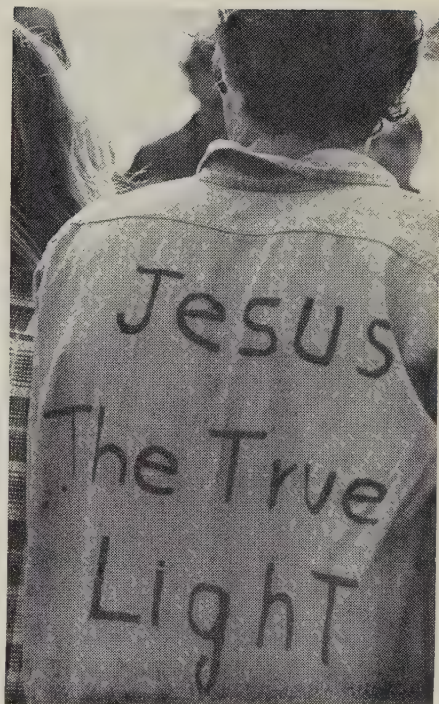
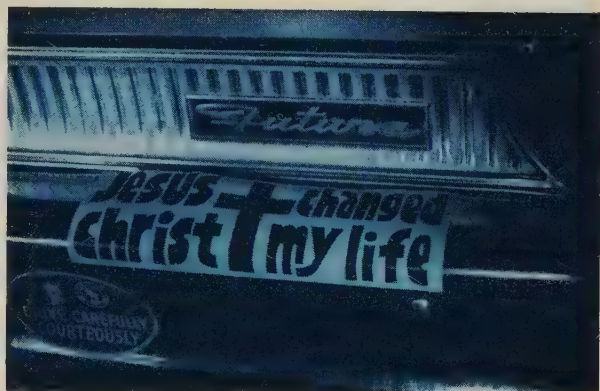
Before I left California, I wanted to go back and talk to Rev. Wilkerson of Melodyland. I told him that his service had bothered me, that it seemed like a cheap gimmick I had seen in other forms all my life.

"To be quite honest," he replied, "the overt supernatural is the only thing that can turn many people on. People are attracted to things they can't understand.

"There are too many past churches in the country today. They're boring people to death. We're getting people excited about the Lord. It's a national revival that's happening, and it has no denomination. Denominationalism is dead. People need a person and in Jesus they have a person. Not just a religion with a lot of do's and don't's."

Before I left, Rev. Wilkerson





and if he could pray over me.  
I'd sure.

We prayed that the Lord would  
inspire my pen, and that my arti-  
cle would be read by millions. I  
was a little silly about getting that  
amount of attention, but when he was  
finished, I thanked him.

"I don't know how much good  
it will do," I said. "But I ap-  
preciate it."

"To raise the Lord," he said. It  
didn't seem like a bad idea.

# Brunnerisms

Cartoons by Doug Brunner



how can i trust  
someone who  
looks like that...



man and his island



**HELP**



i wonder if  
im alone





Progress

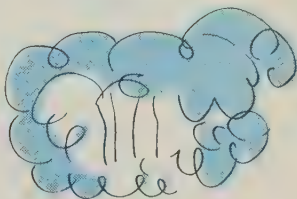
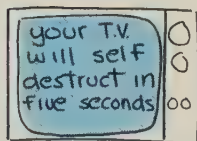
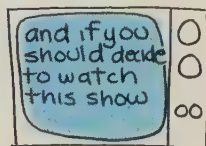
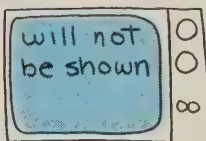
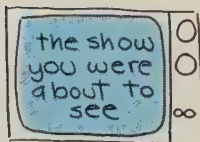
Things are getting better



don't  
worry



there's  
hope...



# Brunnerisms



stop \_  
you're under  
arrest



search him \_



where's  
the  
grass  
and  
dope \_



what did  
i do officer

look at  
yourself  
addict, redehyes,  
puffed nose,  
incoherent  
answers ....



Sir  
that's  
the  
air  
pollutio:

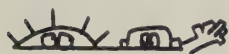


i feel despair



a faith in god helps....

i know anxiety



jesus calls you to follow....

i'm lost



they will always be with you.....

could you forget the religion and help me



i'd like to be happy and have fun in life



but it's hard to wear a smile when you know that so many people are suffering.....



i feel like canned laughter.....



FINDING YOUR OWN  
IDENTITY IS REALLY  
WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT



Photo/Wide World

Sociologist Virginia Johnson has worked with Psychologist William Masters for years in a gigantic research venture to formulate the physiological ideals for success in human relationships. Their books, "Human Sexual Response," and "Human Sexual Inadequacy" became best sellers, even though they were intended for their fellow professionals. Although they have been accused of taking the romance out of sex, Masters and Johnson (whose marriage was recently announced) feel that trust is the essential factor in every relationship. Here Virginia Johnson talks about this trust—and how it can make human relationships loving and joyful.

**E. M.:** We'd like to talk about what makes a good relationship for young people, for adults, for everybody.

**Johnson:** A meaningful relationship is open communication between people who have already established their own identity. It's the ability to realize one's own identity and express it. I happen to be working in the sexual aspects of a relationship. But you can apply it to any kind of human interaction.

**E. M.:** This is why we think it's important for our readers to understand what you're saying, not just the limitations of your discipline.

**Johnson:** I'm delighted with the chance to try. You have to have a sense of being before you can give something. If you're nothing, what is the giving? It is meaningless.

**E. M.:** You have spoken of people being "frozen into patterns," frightened, and just unable to get through to another person. Do you see this changing in any way?



young people are activists—they're into new politics, doing things. Do you see this as changing values and relationships?

**Johnson:** This is the first necessary step. They are certainly becoming activists, but never mistake freedom to talk with the understanding of what is being said. Freedom to talk is not awareness of what is happening. I think there is a need to have relationships, to have marriage as it's now constituted is a stress on young people. Especially when they look at their parents' marriages or their friends' parents' marriages. They look around and see the stress of the pursuit of the children and the two cars and the prescribed things that are supposed to mean marriage and good things of life. It's a very enchanting view of marriage. The impact of it on young people will be phenomenal.

**E. M.:** I know you have a 15-year-old daughter. Is she aware of the stress on invalid goals and meaningless relationships?

**Johnson:** Exceedingly so. She'll say, "Can my friend stay all night with me? Her parents have been away for a week, and she's in the house." I'd say young people are fully aware of what goes on in relationships. But does this mean they have all the answers? Or by doing exactly the reverse of what they see, it's going to work for them? Unfortunately, no. I think it was so.

**E. M.:** Do young people have more of the answers?

**Johnson:** No. I wish they did. If they started moving in such a fashion that the answers emerged and good things happened, they'd find me right in their corner. But the human factor will out. And where can they learn it? How can they develop the right answers? This is something they learn and develop by thinking something through, or by accident. Happy accidents do happen, but you have to get other good things going, such as a deep and abiding affinity between two people—and if it works, it becomes a pattern. It can happen to two people anywhere.

**E. M.:** But it also can fail to happen completely.

**Johnson:** That's precisely right. What we're talking about now is the development of values and their validity. Are most values valid for most people or are values things that change in people with different backgrounds? I think young people are seeking. I think my own children and people in college feel that relationships and human values should be appropriate to the times. Not some fairy tale kind of thing which never works. Fairy tales really don't come true. Young people are communicating very well, very freely. They should go a step further and *select* the people they choose to be with and enter relationships on the basis of what they are learning about one another.

Although we've thrown the value system to the winds superficially, we still have the conditioned response to that which *was*—the memory of how it was supposed to be great and good. This becomes a part of our hangup. The freest swingers in the world, sexually, can be as unresponsive and unaffectionate as great grandma, because they're attaching their hopes and expectations onto the new freedom—and the nature of sexual responsivity is the same as it always was. So they can potentially hang themselves up—more than grandma.

**E. M.:** Do you see "loss of affect" in the future? As a result of too much freedom, an inundation of experience, and too little selectivity?

**Johnson:** Promiscuity is meaningless. When taken to its furthest pole it results in the loss of ability to function. Because it will systematically reinforce the meaninglessness of itself. It is the antithesis of everything youth is really trying to find—meaning in some kind of simple, natural form. Real meaning.

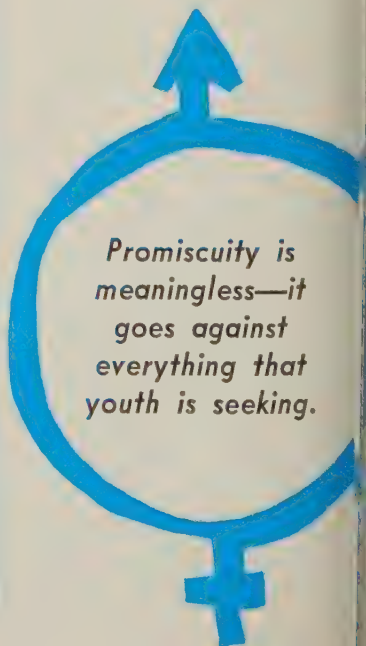
**E. M.:** You mean it turns in on itself.

**Johnson:** Yes. The very young who want to cast aside everything may still be hung up because the thing they're being conditioned to do is something that is the absolute antithesis of what they really believe in. Sexual communication is an ultimate communication—something that is shared by two people. And if it is to come off effectively,

then it has to come off at a given time as an expression of one's own identity. Within a marital or within a meaningful relationship, it is just one means of communication that represents self. When we talk about sexuality, we are talking about a dimension of personality. It represents procreation or it represents a means of communication.

**E. M.:** What do you mean by communication?

**Johnson:** Sharing. Two people sharing. But, do I say, two people should go around communicating all the time? Heaven forbid! For the same reasons, I would say, don't go around reproducing, if it may not be appropriate; it may





be enhancing; it may not be  
ly; it may not be representa-  
of the individuals' needs or  
res at that time. Therefore,  
as a means of communication,  
should be the most highly  
ctive thing anyone does.

**M.:** Could we talk for a few  
ments about the so-called "new  
ality," the sexual revolution and  
those cliches? I'd like to discuss  
de of the specifics of the things  
ng young people that are dif-  
nt from the way they used to  
Like see-through blouses and  
d dormitories. All these things  
indicative of the times, and  
ple realize they must conform  
to or less, or they are outcasts.

**Johnson:** All these things can be  
ative. The individual who is seek-  
to establish his own identity  
has a very strong sense of self  
go through these things experi-  
tally and take on those which  
enhancing," which enable him  
de something to himself.

**M.:** Which enable them to  
nk down the barriers?

**Johnson:** Yes. For girls, espe-  
ly, co-ed dorms may be a first  
portunity to get to know the  
sex in a relaxed, easy way.  
There is a delightful girl of my ac-  
tance who was exposed to this  
being incarcerated in a girls'  
school, one where they practi-  
locked her up at night. But  
so, she did not lose her head.  
wasn't about to go sell her-  
elf for the nearest quickie thrill

or new experience. But she learned  
how much fun the dorm was. To  
fall asleep in the fellows' dorm and  
have him throw a blanket over her  
or give her a pillow, and tiptoe  
around and let her sleep, as op-  
posed to saying, "Oh boy, here's  
a loose woman. She's just inviting  
me." In my era the reaction would  
have been: "Whee, they threw  
away the key!" But now this girl  
is so totally charmed that someone  
put a pillow under her head when  
she fell asleep at two in the morn-  
ing after a long conversation that  
she had found absorbing. But  
sometimes a girl who has been in-  
carcerated too much—courtesy of  
the restraints of the family—picks  
up on all the symbols and all the  
false and meaningless things, and  
she is prone to be very disap-  
pointed or very destroyed by, say,  
a co-ed dorm setting, or a genuine  
friendship with a young man. . .

Society is really quite complex  
now, and the value systems are  
such a potpourri of everybody's  
ideas and so many of them are  
meaningless, but there is a fairly  
good rule of thumb; that until you  
have something better, don't knock  
it.

I can remember the absolute  
unpreparedness, the sorts of restric-  
tions and restraints that girls were  
coming to college with in the past.  
Sorority houses, dorms, etc., were  
having to be pseudo-surrogate par-  
ents. And to me, if you're ready  
for college, for heaven's sake,

you're ready to think for yourself and bear the responsibility for yourself in your community.

**E. M.:** I have a few random questions about things you might think were healthy or unhealthy, examples of your active-passive role concept. One of these is women's liberation, which I'm sure you've been assaulted with in one way or another pretty steadily. Or would you rather pass?

**Johnson:** I guess maybe I should invoke the prerogative of passing. The point is, at its extreme, it's belaboring something with the possible misfortune of overdoing it. In my area you get the extreme—they demand things that are naturally theirs, and then they ignore human responsivity! But at the same time, there was a piece in this morning's paper and I would hate to think anyone is alive who believes it. The story was about a woman who doesn't believe in woman's liberation: "I've never had it so good. Women have it great." She missed the whole point of women's liberation. For women to be chattel is definitely wrong. In that vein, women's liberation, I think, is a very natural outgrowth of a specific need. And the extremists in any movement are probably necessary, because they're the ones who break through. They are the front line of action. I am by nature probably not a "front line person." Here again, it's a personality factor. I can be turned off by those

women who are belligerent. But I was just as turned off by this article this morning by the woman who kept saying she never had it so good.

**E. M.:** Sort of an Uncle Tom woman?

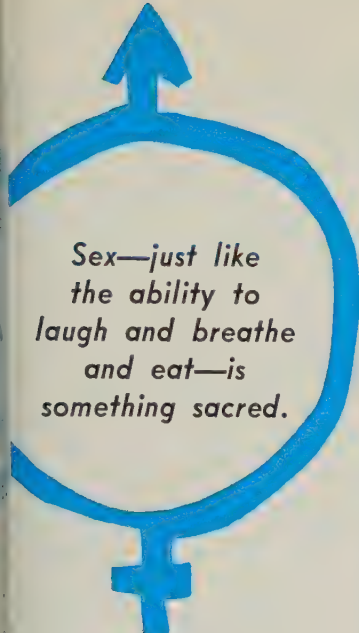
**Johnson:** Yes. Perfect. It makes me sick to my stomach! But I happen to think that women will find an in-depth kind of experience in making curtains or writing poems or keeping gardens or raising children, are every bit as fulfilled as women with exciting careers. I say that and I believe it, but it's theoretical, because there's so often a dullness that comes with the lack of human interaction. Like growing petunias all by yourself in a corner, or staying home with that one extra child that you really didn't plan to have. It's a matter of establishing your own identity and taking the responsibility for it. The give-to-get of thing.

**E. M.:** The give-to-get concept. I know you stress that. Does it really work?

**Johnson:** It works. It works by giving in order to get back. We do. We talk to get back the sound of a voice. We state something, ask a question to get an opinion. To get something of somebody's back to us, because that's the meaning of being social creatures. Or that's what I think.

**E. M.:** You seem so optimistic. Do you foresee the work you and





*Sex—just like  
the ability to  
laugh and breathe  
and eat—is  
something sacred.*

aters are doing as being made  
complete sometime in the future?

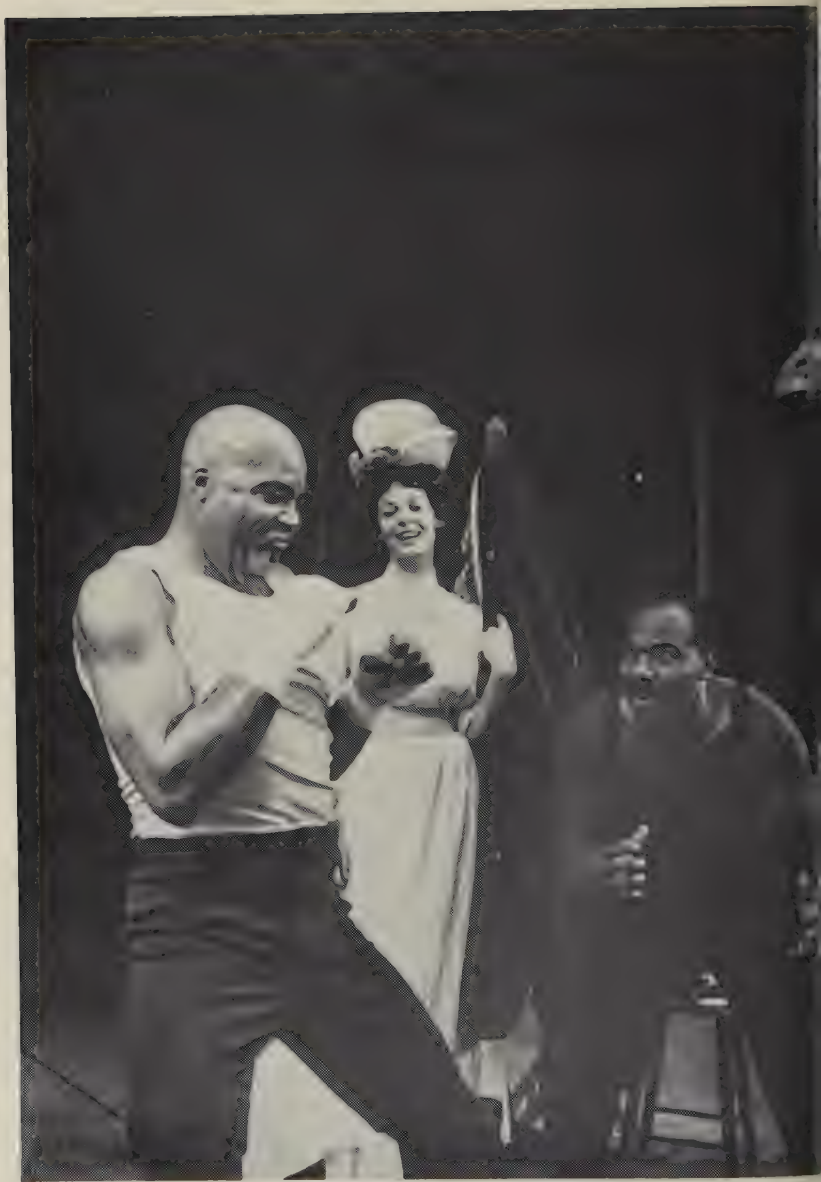
**Johnson:** Oh yes, we're in the  
business of putting ourselves out of  
business. As a matter of fact, our  
future commitment is what  
should be called preventive medi-  
cine in our field. Some charming  
things go into the editors after  
something appears about us, you  
know, Masters and Johnson—moon-  
light and roses—"they take the  
light out of the moon and the pink  
out of the roses." All sorts of very  
poetic things that are really  
charming and I have no quar-  
rel with them. But this is because  
people don't realize there is

something far more mysterious in  
the reality of two people in a sex-  
ual exchange *knowing*. The actual  
nature of sexual responsivity ties  
right back into calling sex, *per se*,  
sacred—it's sacred like the ability  
to laugh and breathe and eat and  
any human function. This, in quotes,  
is "sacred." There's a great deal of  
mystique in the fact that we exist.

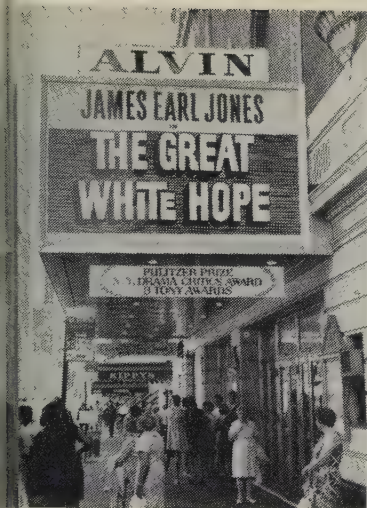
**E. M.:** The mystique of reality.

**Johnson:** Exactly. The value lies  
in how we can make it enhance or  
make it effective, and thereby ef-  
fective to the world around us. We  
are so hung up on myths and hung  
up on value systems built on myths.  
What two people need *now* is  
vastly different from what they  
needed twenty or ten or five years  
ago. When anyone, male or fe-  
male, goes out into the world and  
takes on the steady wear and  
tear, they need a great deal more  
than all those stereotyped things  
that "a woman," "a wife," "a  
man," "a husband," are supposed  
to represent when they come home.

But, if a man likes to cook and  
his wife loathes it, what is mascu-  
line or feminine about cooking?  
The minute a feeling, sensitive male  
comes along, he has been called  
effeminate. He could be twice as  
masculine as the stereotype "male"  
our society has created. The same  
thing is true of the female. That,  
I think, is the big joke on everyone  
that is being laughed at—hope-  
fully laughed at by young and seek-  
ing people.







What has James Earl Jones got other actors wish they had? Not only talent, but discipline. For one thing, he has an incredible load of awards for distinguished acting, including a Tony Award, an Obie and he has recently received wildly favorable reviews for his dazzling performance in the Broadway version of "The Great White Hope." In short, he has one of the brightest, most promising acting talents around. But what Jones really has is what earned him that reputation—lots of talent, plenty of discipline and a highly individual

style that wasn't exactly obvious at first. It wasn't until that Jones possessed all these formidable gifts when I met him between his matinee and evening performances in *Boesman and*

# JAMES EARL JONES

**Lots of talent  
plenty of discipline  
and a highly  
individual style**

Story by Miriam Reik  
Photos by Bill Yos Cary



20th Century Fox

"Many find so much drama in their own lives that"





go to the theater."



*Lena*. He was suffering from a heavy cold and had wrapped his throat in a towel. He looked like he had a broken collar bone set in a cast. For extra warmth, he had draped his shoulders with the only thing available in the theater—an antique and very holey tan coat. It was a costume for the role of an old, penniless Bantu on his last legs who drops dead in the middle of the play.

Although Jones felt pretty miserable, he endured the interview bravely and cheerfully answered all my questions through his sniffles. In fact, he grew positively enthusiastic when asked about the kind of career he wants for himself.

Jones replied that he never wants to be type-cast, despite the fact that the public thinks of him mainly as an actor who plays "gutsie"-type roles. In *The Great White Hope*, for instance, he played the swaggering, exuberantly shrewd prize-fighter, Jack Johnson, and in *Boesman and Lena*, he was a brutish and just barely human South African. But these roles are only one part of Jones' acting range, which also includes the leads in *Macbeth* and *Othello*.

"We're all basically lazy," he said. "The really lazy way out is to keep going into the kinds of parts you've tried and tested before, and found yourself good at."

"What kind of acting do you want to do then?" I asked.

"Actors like Stacy Keach, Dustin

**"As a child, I stuttered, and wanted to speak."**

Hoffman—especially those two—and myself are bringing back the thing of character acting, which hasn't existed since Paul Muni," Jones said. "I would love, by the way, to be billed in a film as 'Mr. James Earl Jones' because Paul Muni was the only actor who got that kind of billing."

"Is that what you see in the future?" I wanted to know. "A career modeled on Muni's?"

"No," he said. "It's not that I dug his style so much that I would want to imitate it. If I could get a combination of Paul Scofield and Marlon Brando, I'd be happy. Because they're both great."

Jones' ideal style for character acting is one which creates full, sharply-defined portraits without wasting a detail or a movement that can be used to add depth to his character.

As a careful craftsman in his own trade, Jones appreciates good workmanship in other theatrical fields as well. When I asked how he liked film acting as opposed to Broadway, the first thing he mentioned was the quality of film technicians. The Hollywood technicians—people who do lighting and sound—he found superior and he admired their skill. He likes film acting, too, because he can reach a larger and more varied audience through movies than he can through the stage.

Other aspects of Hollywood he found less tempting.

"If you want to find yourself a niche in a salary category and own a home in Hollywood, it's O.K.," he said in a way that indicated he wasn't very interested in a Hollywood ranch-house. "I really like film acting, I just don't like the circumstances. I don't like the way money is tossed around—especially if I'm not getting it—the way it's wasted."

"What about film directors?" I asked.

"I don't think there are too many good directors, actually," he replied. You get a few directors like Sam Peckinpah [*The Wild Bunch*] and Mike Nichols [*The Graduate*, *Catch-22*] who do some things well. But they haven't really been tested yet as to whether they could direct Shakespeare well. If you can act or direct Shakespeare well, then you can count yourself a professional. Otherwise forget it."

"Are you also interested in modern avant-garde theater, the rock scene for example?" I asked. "Something like *Hair*?"

"Richie Havens is a good friend of mine," Jones said. "We worked together before he was known to all. I used to sit and listen to him play and I envied that singular talent. A rock performer can get on the stage and hold an audience better





20th Century Fox

in a whole company of actors, because he's got so many things going—he's got his presence, his music, his instrument. And I envy it.

"I'm learning how to play the star," he continued, "because I want to do a film about Leadbelly, a folk musician. And I want to do Bertolt Brecht's *Baal* with music that has the kind of energy that rock music has. And I want to perform that as a musician as well as an actor. Yes, the *Hair* sort of thing does fascinate me—not the sexuality and not the hippie aspect, really, but the music."

When asked if being a black actor influenced Jones' ideas on the kind of theater he wanted to do,

"There's a sort of mythological nonsense that exists about color," he replied. "My blackness does not influence my acting—or my being, actually—any more than my height or size does. But because of the mythology, especially as we have it in this country, I believe in playing roles that are written for black people. I don't believe in integrated casting—yet. I think blacks in general know a bit more about whites than whites do about blacks. That's part of our survivalism. But I see no reason why a white actor can't play the role of Jack Johnson or Boesman as well as I can. It's just a matter of applying your knowledge and imagination."

Jones seems to like *all* kinds of

## "People shouldn't work at jobs they don't enjoy."

acting, if the script has something important to say. Audiences, on the other hand, do not necessarily like scripts which demand that they think, especially when they intend to go out for an evening of "entertainment."

"People would rather see—oh, in the old days it was Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, right? There's beginning to be a whole new clamoring for that good old-time brainless kind of theater," Jones said with mild disgust.

Jones has almost as much to say about audiences as he has about acting. His rather sunny disposition became a little bleak when he touched on the topic of the way young people are responding to the theater.

"The ironic thing is that young people who are into the hip set—whether they live that life style or not—find so much drama in their own lives that they don't come to the theater. The kids who come to the theater are Agnew's children, the children who are very uptight. . . . I don't know why they are here. . . . There are so many good movies around that if a kid has a hot date and wants to really impress her, I would think he'd take her to a movie instead of a play."

In spite of all this, Jones enjoys performing in front of any audience

simply because he likes to act. And he doesn't believe people should work at jobs they don't enjoy. His own appetite for theater in all forms is obviously huge. Going to the movies and theater are, in fact, his favorite pastimes. His career "hobby" is (believe it or not) mountaineering, but even that doesn't get much of his time since it has no connection with acting at all.

Strange to say, Jones developed this enthusiasm for the theater after spending his boyhood on a farm in Mississippi. He thought about becoming a doctor for a while. Even his father, who is also an actor, helped direct him toward the theater by exposing him to it. Besides, Jones was a stutterer as a child, and the effort he had to put into overcoming his handicap made him aware of the value of verbal communication.

"Like when you have a weak muscle, you develop it, and it sort of focuses your life," Jones said. A lot of athletes are people who originally had weak muscles, and Charles Atlas appeals to the weakling who wants to be a strong man. Well, I was a stutterer and I wanted to speak."

Jones learned to speak and is still speaking, and he has whole theaters full of people listening to him.





# S E C R E T

## DESIRE

The doctors Bricklin discuss a common teen conflict: the struggle for freedom vs. the desire to be a child again

■ A mother says to her sixteen-year-old son: "It's cold out. Wear a scarf."

He snaps back: "Can't you ever leave me alone!?"

She thinks: "What in the world is the matter with him!? He's so touchy."

He thinks: "Why can't she get off my back!"

Fourteen-year-old Marisa, wearing a new outfit, presents herself to her mother.

"How does it look, Mom?"

"Fine, honey. Only I'm not sure of the color match. Why not try your green blouse?"

Marisa answers: "Oh, what do you know!? You're never satisfied! I shouldn't have asked you in the first place!"

Marisa's mother thinks: "She can't stand *any* criticism."

Fifteen-year-old Ted's father tries to show him how to get better use out of the lawn mower.

"Ted, if you press the handle like this, it cuts closer."

Ted snaps: "Do it yourself!"

One could argue that none of these parents behaved tactfully, but that would not change the fact that all of these teenagers share a common trouble: they suffer from what psychologists call "dependency conflict." Dependency conflict prompts teenagers to lash out whenever they think they have been treated like babies.



# EXPLOSIONS

Harry Bricklin, Ph.D., and Patricia M. Bricklin, Ph.D., are a husband-and-wife team of psychologists. If you have a problem you would like them to discuss through this series of articles, write to them c/o YOUTH, 105 Race St., Phila., Pa. 19102. All inquiries will be kept confidential.

A conflict exists when an individual harbors two contradictory but usually important attitudes. In the case of dependency conflict, one attitude is to cling while the other is to back away and be left totally free.

An individual with a dependency conflict, at some level of his personality, wishes to remain dependent on his parents and on parent-authority figures. By "dependent" we refer to desires to maintain an illusion that one is a protected child, free from responsibilities, engulfed with all-embracing maternal concern, and steeped in emotional approval.

These desires, coupled with a fear of assuming ultimate responsibilities for one's actions, define the dependent position. (We see, then, that the term "dependency," as used by psychologists, does not refer to the type of actual dependence a young child might have on its parents for survival and training.)

At the same time that these desires (for all-embracing concern, etc.) exist, the person suffering a dependency conflict also harbors the idea that he must be free, that it is terrible to depend on others, terrible to be still a child, mortifying if it were true that he had any babyish needs at all. . . .

And so here we have the dependency conflict: one part of the personality wants desperately to cling, while another part insists on freedom. The more intense each side, the worse the conflict.

An impasse is reached. The explosive, conflict-ridden teenager neither feels close to his parents and accepts suggestions from them, nor can he back away and assume responsibility for himself. He

may be self-assertive, but only in a stubborn, ultimately self-defeating way. By the carelessness with which he looks after himself and his vital interests, and the manner in which he lets long-term projects go to pot, he betrays his basic dependence—his basic unconscious yearning for others to take care of him. He continuously gripes that he is not given freedom, but whenever he is, fails to assume genuine responsibility. He claims he wants to be left alone, but when left alone he does nothing. He cannot face up to and hence reduce his dependency needs nor can he gracefully co-exist with parents and other authority figures. So intently does he want things from them—their approval, concern, benevolent grace and the like—that he resents and hence spurns them. The opposite but equally compelling pushes, to cling and to back away, paralyze him and make effective action difficult or impossible. He finds himself operating at extremes—compromises are impossible. He functions spasmodically and impulsively. He may go through a period of forcing others to assume responsibilities for him, and follow this by going through a period in which he insists everything be done his way.

Most dependent people detest their own dependence. They hate it in themselves and can't stand it in others.

Whenever we find ourselves railing at an authority figure's minor injustice toward us, wildly angered over some piece of unasked-for advice, or ferociously indignant at some petty criticism, in 99 out of 100 instances, we feel secretly dependent on the target of our anger. And this dependence is *psychological, not physical or actual*. Young children who really are dependent on their parents rarely mind guidance. The teenager's dependence is more like an addiction. He needs—or thinks he needs—approval, concern, benevolence, all-embracing protection. He resents this form of dependence.

The people we explode at, then, are those on whom we would seem to lean. We yearn to assume the role of "baby" to them. We want them to take care of us.

"Hey," you shout, as it dawns on you what we are saying here, "are you trying to tell us that when we explode with anger at our parents for treating us like babies it is because we *want* them to treat us that way!?" That's it—that's what we're telling you.

If it were not true, if you didn't unconsciously want to be treated like a baby, you would merely ignore utterances you felt put you in the light. Either that, or you would find them only annoying. But if you launch a counter-attack . . . well, that means you feel there is something that needs to be defended.



Not only neurotics  
have irrational  
dependency needs—  
we all do. They  
are part of the  
human condition,  
and they cause a  
lot of mischief.



To convince you of the truth of what we are saying, we'll have to take a closer look at a dependency conflict as it operates in explosive people. Let us draw our psychological microscope up close to people who explode with rage and indignant anger at the slightest criticism, real or imagined.

**Close-Up Look at a Dependency Conflict:** Our usual conscious experience in these explode-at-the-drop-of-a-hat situations is: "She thinks I'm a baby! I can't stand that!"

But at a deeper level, another thought occurred first: "My goodness, what if I *am* still a baby!?"

And that thought occurred because at a still deeper level is the belief: "I'm really frightened to be on my own! It's safer to be a protected child! I *am* a protected child!"

Here we see a progression from secret wish, to fear that the wished-for state might be true, to violent denial. We can see why an individual in this predicament so fears to allow anything to happen that might put him in a babyish light: he already fears it is true! This is why he is so scared of the possibility. He is already convinced—at an unconscious level—that he *is* a baby.

So intense is his desire to be a baby that the deeper levels of his mind simply accept it as a true fact. But another part of him—a more conscious and rational part—is upset at this state of affairs. This part of the mind must now search out and destroy or prevent anybody from doing anything to demonstrate what is already feared to be true.



*A person who constantly worries he will fall may be telling himself, "I've been so bad that I deserve to fall."*

The energy to search out and explode with anger at any evidence of babyishness is fueled by the continual nagging doubt that one indeed *is* a baby, and the latter is fueled by the intense desire to be a baby.

The secret, unvoiced thoughts of the person caught up in a dependency conflict might be as follows:

"Although I want to grow up and be on my own and do what I want to do rather than what others would like me to do, I'm scared. You can make mistakes and wrong decisions when you have to be responsible for yourself. People can blame you for doing things that turn out to be stupid. Maybe it's better to stay a child. Then you're loved and protected and approved. Besides, if you stay at a young level, you're sort of bathed in magical protection and concern. Mommy and Daddy can make everything okay."

As we will learn later, these are only some of the sources of dependency wishes and yearnings.

But these wishes run into counter-wishes, to be free, independent, self-initiating, self-evaluating.

The greater the backward drag exerted by the dependency needs, the more intense must be the "I-demand-you-leave-me-alone!" counter-impulses. Here we encounter the actually-dependent teenager who has made the quest for independence into a caricature. This is the pseudo-independent person who insists on doing *everything* his way. His parents often mistake this stubbornness for the real thing and will say: "He's so independent! He always insists on doing everything his way!"

Here too does one meet the ultimate in the teenager who cannot be told *anything* by his parents. Whatever they say, he finds a way to feel he has been criticized or put in a babyish light:

Parents: "Have a good time tonight, dear."

Teenager (angrily): "Don't you tell me what to do!"

An impasse has been reached within this teenager: the desires to remain dependent and babyish have collided with those seeking

freedom. The individual now explodes in fury at any hint of babyishness—at any indication, no matter how slight, that he may actually be the type of person he already knows he is.

*Far and Desire:* There is an odd but interesting relationship between chronic desires and chronic fears—and we can see it illustrated in what we have been talking about.

A good many of our fears are based on secret desires. The thing feared (and then hated) is the thing secretly or unconsciously desired. We refer only to chronic or long lasting fears and desires here, not temporary, short-lived ones.

For example, you are walking in the street. A car comes speeding toward you. You rapidly think: "My heavens, a car!" You then feel fear and jump out of the way. This fear is temporary and short-lived. It fades away as the car goes safely past. The fear is not chronic. There is no "desire" aspect to this short-lived, temporary, appropriate-to-the-situation fear.

But let's look at another kind of fear, for example, a chronic fear of falling. This is the kind of fear that lasts over time and will haunt a person even in situations where falling would be impossible. With this kind of fear there is a "desire" involved. The person who—without any rational reason—constantly worries that he may fall, to the point where he is haunted by this fear, is already saying to himself (and believing): "I've been so bad I *ought* to fall!"

It is the presence of this *wish to fall* that provides the fuel for his constant preoccupation with the possibility. If the nagging belief, "I *nerve* and *ought* to fall," were not already present, there would be no reason for him to walk around preoccupied with the possibility. This is often proved in the psychotherapist's office. There are many people walking around haunted by a fear of falling who have never fallen in their entire lives—nor have they been involved in any other escapades that could rationally account for this preoccupation. Either, they experience this worry in situations totally lacking in opportunities to fall: in protected buildings, behind barricades, and so forth. During their treatment, after they realize they have been feeling guilty and therefore telling themselves that they *deserved* to fall, their fears and preoccupations go away.

Another example that shows the relation between fear and desire: the "old maid" who looks under her bed at night fearing there might be a man there who could sexually molest her. Lurking behind this is an opposite desire. It is the presence of this opposite desire that



makes it necessary for the old maid to preoccupy herself endlessly with looking under her bed.

If there were no secret, unconscious wish, there would be no reason to maintain the counter-wish. There would be no fuel for it—no sustaining force.

Hence the person walking around with the easy-to-set-off reaction “I am *not* a baby!” must also be carrying around: “I wish so much to be a baby that I am one.”

These psychological facts also explain why some teenagers will explode with indignant rage if there is even a *hint* they are being treated as babies. In fact, many of them will explode when there is not even a hint involved! If prior sensitivity (in the form of an unconscious wish) did not exist, they would have been able to see they were not being treated in the way they assumed. Nor would they have even assumed criticism implies babyishness.

Further, if they were not so primed *to believe they were babies* they would not care if this accusation were made to begin with. If someone accuses you of something you do not care about one way or the other—even if the accusation is true—you can respond calmly and rationally. You don’t care; hence the accusation, true or false, is unimportant. But when you are accused of something you already believe is true—ah, there we have the potential for rage.

Another way of saying this is that when you explode with anger for what you imagine to be a put-down, someone is forcing you to confront an illusion about yourself you would rather sustain.

*Some Further Remarks on Dependency Needs:* We have now (hopefully) shown that if a person explodes with anger because he fears he has been made to look like a baby, it is actually because he secretly fears this is true—and he secretly fears it is true because he *wishes* it were true and because it *is* true.

These are far more than mere theoretical suppositions on our part. Dozens of case histories attest to what we are saying, for the truth of the matter is that when once-explosive individuals are able to admit to themselves they still harbor dependency needs, and hence work on reducing them, the explosions, along with the underlying resentments, fade away. In fact, there is substantial improvement with the mere recognition that the dependency exists.

“Well, this is all very interesting,” you might say at this point, “but why would anyone have such intense dependency needs to begin with? Sure, it’s understandable that responsibilities are a burden,



*One part of the personality wants desperately to cling, while another part demands freedom.*

and in some ways it's nice to be a protected child. But what about this turning for all-embracing maternal concern? And why of all people should teenagers crave these things when their main bag is being left alone?"

Good questions—and to answer them we will have to tell how and why people, adults as well as teenagers, develop dependency needs. We will also have to tell why the usual experiences of life are not enough to satisfy these cravings, these yearnings to find authorities to whom we can depend.

It is worth going into some detail here, for dependency needs not only make prime people to be exceedingly sensitive, but also account for an incredible array of human miseries: from the whiny, clingy behavior of some infants, to the possessive I-won't-let-Mommy-out-of-my-grasp behavior of some toddlers, to the stomach and other psychosomatic problems of teenagers, to the anxiety reactions, panics, and nervous breakdowns of adults.

In our next article we will go back to the mysterious era of the infant, and tell how, in making some fantastic misjudgements about the world, he lays the groundwork for harboring intense dependency needs—needs which haunt him not only through the teen years but through marriage as well. And it is not only so-called neurotics who suffer the fall-out of irrational dependency needs. We all do. They are part of the human condition. And they cause more mischief than anyone has yet realized.

# TOUCHGO

and

## YOUTH RENEWS HOPE

YOUTH is the most creative and hopeful church publication I have seen, and the only one that I read "from kiver to kiver."

There is no more crucial problem facing the church and the world today than the problem of lostness and estrangement on the part of its youth. Disillusionment with education, home, marriage, church, traditional culture—you name it—the evidences are abundant. Many things attract and excite young people, but few, very few, contribute a note of renewed faith and aspiration. YOUTH does this. You really have something rare.

—C.M., New York, N.Y.

## THE HUMAN CONDITION

Re: "We Cut Sugar Cane for Cuba" in the January issue of YOUTH: I am always suspicious of articles which describe in glowing terms how some economic, political, religious or social system has turned a country into a Utopia. This, I believe, is exactly why our young people distrust us. We have given them the idea that some changed system will do away with loneliness, selfishness and suffering. As I see it, nothing will relieve human beings of these things and it is a lie to tell our young people that they can somehow escape the

human condition. Let's stop lying to our young people and begin to strengthen each other to bear our human situation.

—E.O., Columbus, Ga.

## HALF-TRUTHS?

It is obvious that your article on Cuba is full of half-truths and Castro's propaganda. One statement stands out like a sore thumb: "But the children would sacrifice food, clothes, even their lives if necessary to help other Latin countries . . . to be free."

If life there is so great, why is it that many Cubans have risked their lives to come to Miami. If there is so much freedom in Cuba, why is it that two planeloads of Cubans come to Miami every day (at government expense) leaving behind all their property and possessions which have been confiscated? If you want to know what life is like in Cuba, you should talk with some of the recent arrivals in Miami.

—H.D., Miami, Fla.

## COMING UP IN YOUTH

\*Interview with MAD Magazine

\*Contemporary Worship  
Celebrations

\*Summer Centerfold Surprise

\*Creative Arts Winners

\*Youth Theology Series

\*Crisis in the High School



## WHY FEAR CUBA?

I am a German CO, doing my alternative service in Biloxi within a volunteer program of the UCC Board for Homeland Ministries. I read YOUTH Magazine a lot, and especially enjoyed the article on Cuba in your January issue. In West Germany, where I come from, Cuba work trips are offered by the official YMCA traveling program. It is really strange that the average American is so scared of Cuba. We in Western Europe live right or less next door to Communist countries, and we are not scared of Russia.

—E.K., Biloxi, Miss.

## POETRY PRACTICE

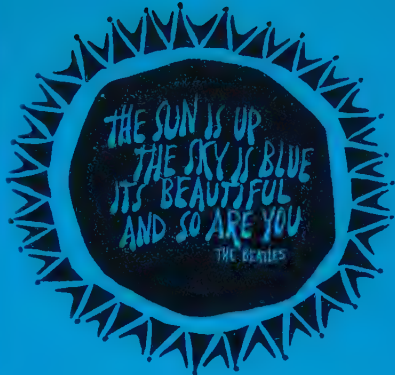
I really enjoy YOUTH, especially the Creative Arts issues. Our English teacher at school has been asking us to read some of the poems in the February issue for practice. They're great! Thank you for a good magazine.

—B.G., Elkader, Iowa

## PROFANITY

In the February issue of YOUTH I saw the poem, "The Bus Station at 3:00 p.m." This is a moving piece of literature if you live through it as you read the poem. But do you have to use profanity in a magazine for young people? Yes, to hear it, read it, speak it, but nothing is gained by swearing.

—J.G., Garrettsville, Ohio



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# saigon story



Writer-photographer STEVE WALL dons the appropriate gear for his YOUTH assignment in Vietnam.

**Values are twisted and  
struggle is a way of life.  
But there is love of a kind.**



■ Al was a small guy, much smaller than I had expected. He was 20 and had a sort of quaint smile that came through with difficulty from under his demanding mustache. Al had only a short time left in the Army; he was growing his hair long for civilian life.

I found Al at the back of a barracks that housed the 7th Infantry, his duty assignment. He didn't know me, and I only knew him from a picture given to me by his friend, Steve, whom I had met in India.

Steve was just out of the Army and travelling overland across Asia. When he discovered that I was going to Vietnam he asked me to look up Al, an Army buddy who was still there. He gave me an introductory letter which he



men to explain to Al my assignment in Vietnam. So Al became my official guide to Saigon, U.S.A., Saigon, World—but least of Saigon, Vietnam.

It wasn't long before I would see and hear and learn enough to change my whole outlook on Vietnam, the U.S. involvement there, the plight of Vietnamese civil-

like many GIs, Al and a roommate had an off-base apartment. In Al's neighborhood were tens of thousands of people. Small families and children were everywhere.

From the outside, Al's apartment looked like any of the hundreds of others on the narrow, muddy back streets. But the inside of Al's place was a real "escape machine," com-

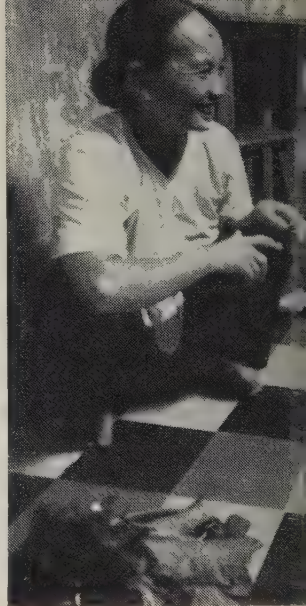
plete with psychedelic posters and black lights. Pot (or "J's," as Al called the rolled joints) was readily available.

Al lit up a "J" and began his story:

"It's not really a military war that we're fighting here in Saigon," he said. "It's one against society. Actually no one in the city is quite aware that a war is being waged. Most guys have never been out in the field. They haven't seen the sights of war and they don't intend to. I can't blame them for that. Unfortunately, I have seen them, and I'll never be the same. Sometimes all I could see were the bodies of my buddies.

"Very few of us ever came down from our highs," Al said. "Even now, it has been three months since





I've been down. I keep hearing screams, and seeing dangling arms and legs and bleeding faces. Sometimes a guy's whole body was burned black from an exploding booby trap. How can anyone come down and face reality after that?"

I couldn't answer him. I hadn't seen it.

As the conversation progressed, a beautiful Vietnamese girl entered Al's apartment. Al bowed to her.

The girl's name was Thiep and she was 19 years old. She had long, flowing black hair and large dark eyes. Thiep's mother was the mama-san for Al and his roommate. She did the washing and ironing, and cleaned the apartment. Al told me that Thiep was one of the few untouched Vietnamese girls.

She considered American GIs undesirable and wanted nothing to do with them. Still, I suspected that she thought very highly of them.

"Thiep's home is in Tay Ninh near the famous Black Virgin Mountain," Al said. "I was stationed there, and at the time it was really a very safe place to be.

"Thiep's father had a booming electrical business. He was wealthy enough to have a large house in Tay Ninh and a little one in Saigon for Thiep's brother Dal to use while he was at school in the city. The family was very close. Then something happened that changed their lives completely. Since that time Thiep has tried three times to commit suicide."

Thiep sat listening to Al's story.



When Thiep's house in Tay Ninh was burned to the ground, the family had to move to Saigon. Life changed drastically, but the closeness in her family has remained the same.

**For 19-year-old Thiep,  
war is the only reality.  
Success is just a dream.**

...s without a word. Every time  
...made an important point, she  
...d lower her head. It seemed  
...she was living the past all over  
...n. The war had hurt so many  
...d people.

... took another "J" from his  
... and continued his story. "As  
... day grew near for Thiep's  
...ner to register for the South  
...amese Army the entire family  
...filled with horror. They knew  
...he would soon be called to  
... If he remained fit, he would  
...igible for 20 years of service.  
...ne night after Dal entered the  
...r, the Viet Cong carried  
...gh a plan to harass South  
...amese villages. Thiep's house  
...urned to the ground, but at  
...no one was hurt.

"The family had no other choice but to move to the other house in Saigon," Al went on. There were no more front porches, nice shade trees and privacy. Instead, the family had to live on a back alley lined with doors, people, muddy streets and dirt.

"Family life became a serious struggle for survival. Thiep's father became a handyman in the neighborhood, scratching out a meager existence. Her mother is now a wash woman and a mama-san to many GIs who have apartments. Thiep is her mother's aide, by her side at every tub of wash.

"According to tradition, a girl must carry out her mother's wishes until she is married. Even in Saigon, where tradition has been

Right: A GI teaches English at a church. Below: Students laugh at their own pronunciation. Opposite page: A GI and his Vietnamese wife travel through Saigon on a cyclo.

## Some GIs help the Vietnamese; others just exploit them.



thrown out the door, Thiep refuses to go against her family.

"Although Thiep is very well educated there isn't much she can look forward to. War is the reality; success is just a dream, especially for girls. Temptation must enter her mind as she sees the beautiful Vietnamese girls working in the bars. These bar girls get everything they want as far as material goods are concerned."

Since I was a newcomer into the Saigon world, Al felt that he should introduce me to life there. His first step was to show me Saigon night life, which has been described as so glamorous that over 3000 American GIs have gone AWOL to live in it daily.

Our first stop was to hear the CBC's, a favorite band of the "J" crowd. The place was dense with pot smoke, and strobe lights flashed everywhere. There were GIs and

bar girls, but they weren't paying much attention to each other. Everyone was in his own little world, too high to care. Once in a while a GI would grab one of the girls and plant a vicious kiss on her—one he thought she'd never forget.

Finally Al and I worked our way out of the crowd and hailed a cyclo. This is a motorcycle with a seat for two over the front wheel. The riders form a human bumper. Our driver raced through the streets toward Plantation—the red light section of Saigon for bars and girls. This is the area where recently







every police set up roadblocks  
in one night caught 1000  
JOL GIs. Some of them had  
in AWOL for a year.

every doorway girls beckoned  
us. But Al knew where he was  
going—he'd been around. We en-  
tered a building and climbed up  
the flights of stairs. A group of  
men ran out to welcome us.

"Don't be impressed," Al said.  
"They just want our money."

Two of the girls pushed the  
men aside and showed us to seats  
in an almost mobbed room. "Buy  
tea, buy one tea and I will  
be with you," they kept pleading.  
As an old hand at this, and he  
wasn't buying any.

A big mama-san made the  
arrangements, making sure the girls were  
getting the GIs to spend as much  
money as possible. The mama-san  
secured the place with an iron rod.  
The girls were actually in bondage,

and they knew that if they did not  
produce, they would be out on the  
streets shifting for themselves.

It is so sad to see these girls,  
and know that the war has created  
these unnatural effects. Pressure is  
put on every beautiful woman to  
become a bar girl. Commenting  
on this situation, one Catholic  
chaplain says, "It is bad enough  
now, but the real test is yet to  
come. When the war is over these  
bar girls will have to return home  
to the rice fields. The Vietnamese  
people are moral and strong in  
their tradition. These girls will not  
be welcome and no young man will  
want to take one for his wife. Even  
here, no man wants a girl who has  
had relations with another man.  
The results of this unnatural war are  
not pretty sights. It is difficult to  
predict that anything good can  
come out of this whole thing."

Frustrations build up within every



person who is exposed to such conditions. Someone, unfortunately, will always take advantage of the prevailing attitudes, thus forcing bondage in both directions—the innocent Vietnamese and the uprooted and misplaced GIs.

At 9:30 p.m. the girls become more active. The mama-san really cracks her whip. No longer is it,

"Buy me one tea and I will go with you." Now it is, "Stay with me tonight. You don't want to go back to that base."

All GIs must be off the streets by 10 o'clock. This doesn't mean they must be on base, just off the streets. As the curfew grows closer the girls are like bees swarming around a nest. They grab



An Army chaplain gives a service at Base Eagle. Big artillery surround the chapel; ammunition boxes serve as pews.

**"Talk fast and make it sweet," the commander tells the chaplain.**

and left. They work to the of "Now only 3000 piasters and you can stay with me ht." Many GIs yield, while s'make their way back to the or to their apartments. s from all of the bars in Saigon to the streets all at once at p.m. The scene is a riot, with le fighting over every cyclo.

Travelling through Saigon at 50 or 60 mph on a cyclo with no cover or windshield is a wild sensation. The 10 p.m. race is even wilder if a monsoon rain catches you without cover . . .

Later Al's roommate Pete, a Kent State graduate, came home from a late-duty assignment on



base. The two of them reached for the "J's" as the music of Paul McCartney vibrated and black lights glowed on the garish posters. *This can't be Vietnam*, I thought. But it was Vietnam, and Al and Pete were talking about Army life there.

"Power is a wild thing," Pete began. "In the Army, it's all ego. Any officer tries to see how many men he can keep under his thumb.

"The real 'career men' just don't know what to do now, though. Their men come out of the fields into office assignments and they won't take any abuse from anyone. They're used to killing and the lifers know it. The way the Army is set up, you can't tell an officer off and get away with it. But kill him and you go free. There have been cases of officers and sergeants being killed in fire attacks, but their deaths have not resulted from enemy fire. A guy out in the field isn't going to let an officer tell him how to wear his hair or uniform. He's going to try to get everything out of life today, because tomorrow he may be dead."

Al added, "The main attitude out in the field is, 'I refuse to go through life with no arms. Dying is better—60 less days in this war.'"

"The Army has made me sceptical and critical of everything," Pete said. "I just don't believe anything anyone tells me, much less what the Army tells me. I just refuse to believe it.

"When I first got here I was really taken back by all of the guys with guns. I thought 'toy soldiers'. The first thing that got to me was the attitude of the lifers. This way of life, this Army is their life, and because it's their life it must be good—I got to be right.

"But the lifers feel threatened now," Pete went on. "Guys with college degrees aren't going to be put up with an army run by beer-gutted sergeants who tell them to pick up trash or wash latrines."

"These sergeants probably stay in the service to keep from digging ditches," Al added bitterly.

"The brass'll have to change if it wants to stay in," Pete said. "Young people love their country but their individual identities cannot be denied. They've got to be allowed to be creative."

Pete and Al had never smoked marijuana before Vietnam. Now both light up "J's" as if they were regular cigarettes.

"You can get 'J's' most anywhere where cigarettes are sold," Al said. "They're packed in popular brand-name packs, and no one can tell the difference. Vietnam has the richest marijuana of any place in the world."

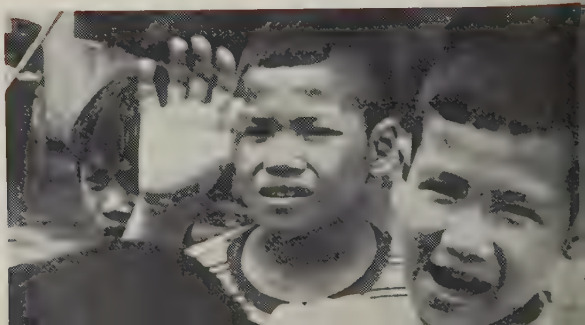
The next night Al and I visited Floyd, a close friend of Al's, a fellow GI. Floyd was a typical soldier in that he did what he was told during the day. At night he retired to his off-base apartment.



live: Kids in Hue warmly greet  
S. Army chaplain. Right: the  
chaplain plays "beat you to the  
" with a boy whose parents  
were killed in the war. Below:  
a Montagnard woman makes a hat.

smile and a toy gun  
and contact is made.

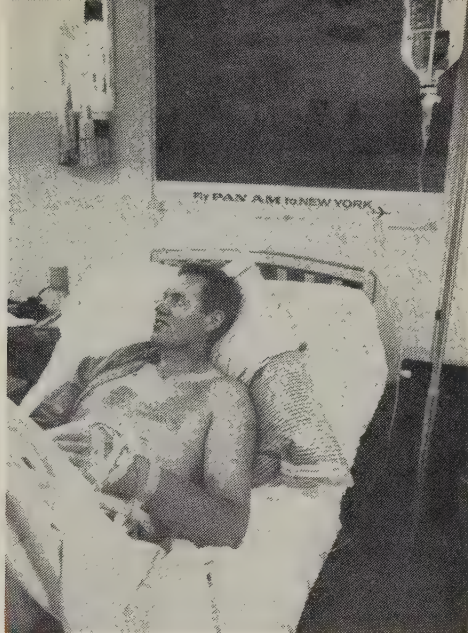






Most of the babies at this  
 orphanage in the Delta area  
 are here because their parents  
 were killed in the war. Below:  
 I get along best with the  
 Vietnamese children. Right: It's  
 a long way from home. . . .

**Orphaned children  
 cry out for love, for  
 help, for someone . . .**



g with him was a Vietnamese  
 named Kim. They had met  
 in a bar on Plantation. Up un-  
 til that time Kim had been a tea  
 cher. Now things were different.  
 He was in love with Floyd, and  
 she was in love with her.

Floyd and Kim were making plans  
 to be married in Vietnam. This  
 seemed reasonable to me until I  
 learned that Floyd was already  
 married and had just returned from  
 Hawaii with his U.S. wife.  
 She was at the airport to see him  
 and she was there when he  
 landed. The marriage will be a  
 Vietnamese one, with the Army and  
 his U.S. wife none the wiser.

Kim has known from the begin-  
 ning about Floyd's American wife,

but this didn't change her attitude  
 toward him. As a matter of fact,  
 she was making three matching  
 shirts, one for Floyd, one for his  
 American wife, and one for herself.

Apparently, this set-up is not un-  
 usual in Vietnam. As one GI said,  
 "It's an unnatural situation here,  
 but the brass can't do anything  
 about it. Many of them have got  
 their girls, too."

Kim and Floyd were having a party  
 for a GI who was returning to the  
 "real world"—the States. Most of  
 the soldiers were there with their  
 girls.

In one corner of the room a  
 21-year-old GI who had 10 months  
 to go in Vietnam was trying to  
 talk a Vietnamese girl into living



Left: Many coffee houses have sprung up in Vietnam. Right: A Vietnamese woman talks with a chaplain.

**GIs find many ways to escape the awful reality of war.**

with him. Her answer was no. She explained that her principles would not let her live with a married man. As the price increased, her tune began to change. In the end, the GI won out.

In another corner, two GIs were getting high on pot and trying to talk above the music. One was explaining to the other how he had made \$30,000 off the black market during his one-year tour in Vietnam. A C.I.D. investigation has proved nothing, as he had stored the money in a Swiss bank. Now he was a wealthy man, and he explained with obvious pride how he had got U.S. money into Vietnam, traded it on the black market for two or three times its worth, and bought up goods at the PX that could be sold easily for even more profit.

"I have no regrets for what I have done," he said. "It's my compensation for having to be here."

As he spoke, slogans and pictures flashed through my mind. "Support our boys in Vietnam." "I'm proud my son is fighting communism." "Put stock in America." A recruiting poster showing boys in Vietnam rushing out of a helicopter. But the only thing that some in Saigon are fighting is the materialism that has been taught to them by everyone they have come in contact with from the U.S.

Fire Support Base Eagle is a very different scene from Saigon. It's only a few minutes by helicopter from the large Army unit at Chi. From the air it seems to be a very small clearing in the form of a circle. Within the circle are four artillery guns which form a square. The base is almost surrounded by a rubber plantation that has been infiltrated by Viet Cong forces. A few bunkers within the base serve as living quarters for the soldiers.



ttle action takes place during daylight hours. But even in the , the weary GIs stay on edge. rehension is a way of life here. "The nights are hell," one GI me. "It's impossible to sleep ving that Charlie can get ough our barbed wire and mines ve minutes. He can just take all his clothes and grease him-down and then slip through the with no one the wiser—until its base.

re really hope that the govern- can get a volunteer army, and I won't be out here. But here now, and there's nothing do about it."

e chaplain had just flown into e in his small "eggbeater." As approached the black Captain was the base commander, all young GIs began making their to two of the artillery gunpits. chaplain asked permission to services.

"O.K.," the commander agreed. "But talk fast and make it sweet."

Ammunition boxes were rapidly stacked one on the other to be used as pews. The reason for the speed was that the base commander had just given an order to "move out" on SEARCH—small patrols of GIs who hunt out and kill the Viet Cong.

Most of the GIs attend the services knowing that it may be the last time they can listen and talk with a priest or minister.

"The chaplain is different from the other brass," one GI told me. "He has a lot of power, but it's not exactly tied into any military tradition. Really, he's a great guy. And it's good to talk with someone from the outside. We all get tired of looking at each other. Although I wouldn't want to be alone out here. . . ."

After I left Eagle I made a trip to Phu Bai, near Hue and the DMZ. Phu Bai is a large operational unit supporting the north. When I visited the Army Evacuation Hospital near the DMZ I saw for myself the terrible sights that Al had found so hard to forget.

In the middle of a row of beds, one GI was just existing. He was naked except for a small cover over his waist. There was a large plastic bag on his stomach, and inside the bag were part of his intestines. They had to be out for daily attention until the wounds began to



heal. When they began to heal, they would be placed back in their original position.

At the far end of the building was a 20-year-old GI who sat up, anxiously waiting for someone to talk with. The entire left side of his face had been deformed from a mine explosion.

Down in the operating room a young soldier was in tremendous pain. He had just been admitted because of a booby trap explosion. Most of his clothes were in shreds. His legs bled profusely, and they dangled from his knees. Muscles and nerves had been injured in the explosion. Several corpsmen were trying to stop the bleeding and clean the wounds.

Al had told me that some GIs actually leave a part of their lives in Vietnam. It was real, now. Many would leave arms and legs behind them. Some would feel lucky—

they were alive, at least. Others would be bitter and wish they had died. . . .

My next stop was an orphanage in the Delta area. Here, although the fighting had subsided, the war displayed its tragic price.

There were about a hundred babies in one large room. Half were crying, a few were cooing. Others were standing in their beds. Their stomachs were enlarged; their bodies were like match sticks. It was a sight to break the soul.

The orphanage was a Catholic one, and the sisters were really beautiful. They were giving themselves, trying to undo some of the horrors that mankind had brought upon itself with its wars. But in this orphanage, as with the others in Vietnam, there were not enough people to help.

"We lose about 80% of our



children," a young sister said. "This is not from adoption, but from birth. It is the lack of loving. Still, we do all we can. Most all of our babies are here because one or both of their parents were killed in the war. Some of them are the children of American soldiers and Vietnamese women."

Many American boys and girls live and die and never know if they have half-brothers and sisters in Vietnam. The most heartbreaking thing was to see these babies staring out of their beds with their large, frightened eyes. Some were crying out for help, for help for someone. . . .

Back in Saigon, every day is the same for Thiep. She is waiting for her family until marriage. Her mother always washing clothes, her father walking the alleys for a living. One brother already wounded in the war, and maybe Dal will

follow soon. It is a never-ending struggle for survival. And only the fittest survive.

"I have several boyfriends, as you would call them," Thiep says, blushing. "But I do not want marriage. My husband would only have to fight, and maybe die. I hope the war ends, but I cannot imagine when. Here we just live; the future does not exist."

"Our soldiers are trying. The Americans are good when they are fighting, but in Saigon they are no good. All they want to do is make money, get as many girls as possible, and smoke marijuana or get much alcohol. They are no good here."

For Thiep and her two sisters and two brothers, there will be no university training, no parties, no technical jobs with bright futures. Instead there will be war, crime and a fight for survival. And although Thiep's family will not be involved

GI's speak of returning to the "real world"—the U.S.—as if Vietnam were only some kind of dream.

**in Saigon,  
materialism has  
reached its height.**



in the crime, they will have to live in the very middle of it.

Tension and strain have aged the people of Vietnam. Their tension does not come from striving for more money to buy that big new car. It comes from trying to get enough food for the family in the midst of the inflation that is hitting Vietnam. Most of this inflation is due to the rising and demanding costs of the black market. Thanks to the GI, many Vietnamese civilians are finding it hard to buy even the basics for the family.

There are tremendous pressures on Thiep. The desire for material gain is raping the Saigon area and it has its claws deep into the younger generation.

Al has many insights into the problems here. "Each country has qualities that are all its own," he says. "When a country occupies another, it gives off a field of force that is picked up by the occupied country. It should scare every American to know that the American GIs are giving off ideas of materialism and that the Vietnamese are picking them up. The Vietnamese civilian will sell his mother's soul, as well as his own, for money and gain."

Thiep knows that she can never have some things. Frustration is a part of her life. She sees the U.S. trying to help the Vietnamese government, but in Saigon she sees the GIs ruining the culture she loves. It is tradition to her, her country's

history, a part of her very past. She wants to retain the best, but her ideas do not count in the whole of the picture. She will never be heard. She will have to be content with walking the back alleys and doing her neighbor's wash.

At 19, Thiep is still most willing to obey her parents. She is part of the family, and will do her share to provide. There is love in her family, and she would never break this bond. Her prayer is that he will someday return to normal whatever that is.

Al seemed attracted to Thiep and she to him. Yet Al would not force a point. "Thiep is beautiful," he says, "but there can't be anything but friendship between them. She is a rare girl, and I want the best for her. I don't want to marry a Vietnamese girl because communication would be a real problem. I believe that the guys who marry Vietnamese girls are frustrated, and think only of their own interests. They never consider the results of changing their wife's environment to an entirely new culture. One day these guys get back to the old world, they'll get more realistic. Here things are abnormal."

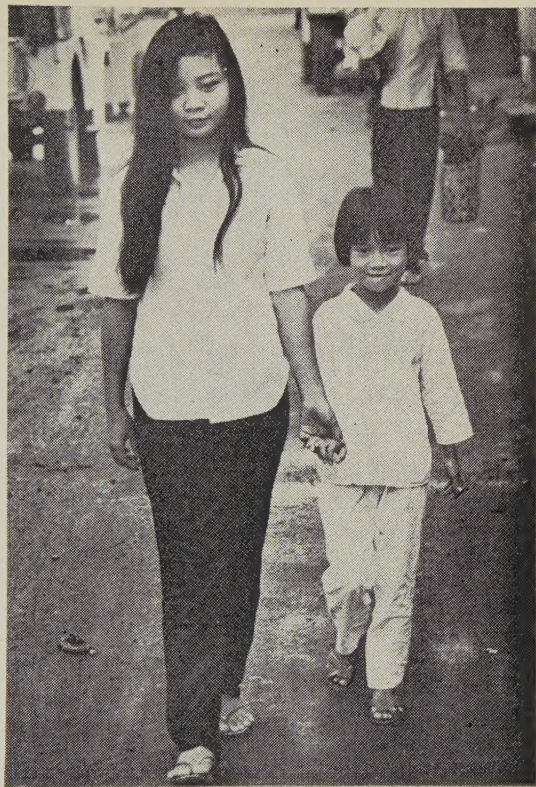
"Several of my friends have tried to seduce Thiep," Al went on. "But she is much too mature and real to fall for it. She is *real*!"

Saigon, World, Saigon, U.S. but never Saigon, Vietnam. A place where values are twisted and tradition is a way of life. A place



Thiep, as well as for  
young friend, Saigon  
is a struggle for  
al. "For the duration,"  
ast, Thiep will have  
content with doing  
wash and cleaning  
apartments.

## **When U.S. troops go home, what will they leave behind?**



materialism is at its height.  
Buddhism is a national religion  
frustration is the idol to which  
hundreds of GIs bow. There are  
multitudes of Chatty Cathys  
and bar girls who repeat end-  
less, "buy me a drink and I will  
love you." There are the "toy  
girls"—the war game manipula-  
tors—the eternally spaced-out "J"  
and the black market business-  
women. There is love, too, in Vietnam.

I could see it in Thiep's family, in  
the tenderness of the nuns toward  
the orphans, even in the loyalty  
the GIs felt toward their buddies.  
There is love of a kind in the way  
Al respects Thiep and refuses to  
use her. But the tragic fact is that  
most GIs have little respect or love  
for any of the Vietnamese people.  
Whether they're Viet Cong or  
South Vietnamese peasants, our  
soldiers use the words "gook," or  
"slant-eyes" to describe them all.

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O God, how can I know Jesus?

Why is my very questioning  
condemned by some?

Why must I accept everything  
on faith, and nothing on reason?

How can I know what he was  
really trying to tell us when I see  
some of his name-bearers love,  
speak truth, care and heal in his  
name, while I see others hate, lie,  
exploit and kill in his name?

Is there more to following him  
than imitating his ways with  
sandals, beard, dunking, scripture-  
quoting and meditating?

Why do people try to ignore the  
fact that his ideas are divisive  
and revolutionary in our times,  
just as they were in his own?

Why do I wish he'd use his power  
to crush the evildoers rather than  
quietly work on their conscience  
in his own reconciling, yet  
agonizing way?

What is this power he has to  
change people's lives when they  
turn to him?

Why does he leave me with more  
questions than answers?

O God, help me to know Jesus!

